

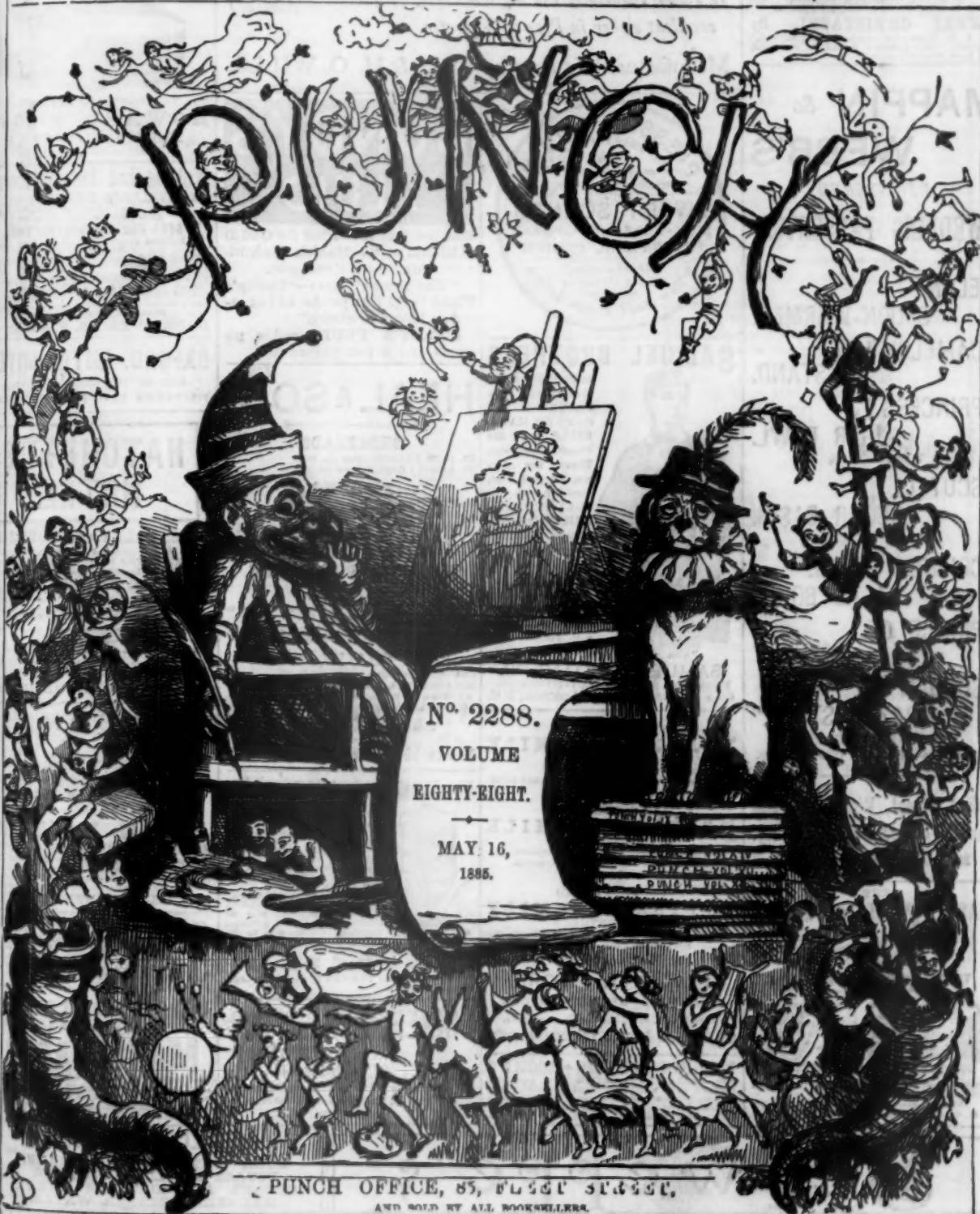
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'ARRY ON THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are yer, old Turnuts? Gone mouldy, or moon-struck, or wot? Sticking down in the Country, like you do, I tell yer, is all tommy-rot. It's Town makes a man of one, CHARLIE, as me and the Nobs 'as found out, And a Saide 'un like you should be fly to it. Can't fancy wot you're about. Old Runkin, I know, sez quite t'other, but then he is clean off his chump. Where's the Life in long lanes with no gas-lamps? Their smell always gives me the 'ump.

Come hout on it, Mate, it'll spile yer. It's May, and the Season's begun, All the Tofts is in Town—ah! you trust 'em! they know where to drop on the fun. Don't ketch them a-Maying, my pippin, like bloomin' old Jacks-in-the-Green, A-sloppin' about in damp medders, with never a Pub to be seen. No fear! We've primroses in tons—thanks to Beakey—for them as can pay. And all other larks as is larks, mate, they know meet in London in May.

It is all very well, on a Sunday, for jest arf a dozen or so To take a chay-cart down to Epsom, and cut down the May as yer go. I've 'ad 'igh old times on that lay, CHARLIE, gals, don't yer know, and all that, Returning at dusk with the beer on, and May branches all round yer 'at. With plenty of tuppenny smokes and 'am sandwiches, CHARLIE, old man, And a bit of good goods in pink mauling, it ain't arf a bad sort o' plan. Concertina, in course, and tin whistle, to give 'em a rouser all round, And "Chorus" all over the shop, till the winders'll shake at the sound. That's "May, merry May," if yer like, mate, and does yours ansterar a treat. But the Rural's a dose as wants mixing, it won't do to swallow it neat; That's wy the Haristos and 'ARRY, and all as is fly to wot's wot, Likes passing the Season in London, in spite of yer poetry rot.

Country's all jolly fine in the Autumn, with plenty of killing about.— Day's rabbitin' not a bad barney, and gull-potting's lummy, no doubt; But green fields with nothink to slurter, no pobs, no theytrees, no gas!— No, no, it won't wash, and the muggins as tells yer it will is a hase. But May in "the Village," my biffin, the Mighty Metroplopus,—ah! That's Paradise, Sir, and no kid, with a dash o' the true lah-di-dah. Covent Garden lioks Eden, I reckon, at least it'll do me A 1; Button'-oler and Bond Street, old pal, that's yer fair top-row sarmple for fun! Wy, we git all the best of the Country in London, with dullops chucked in. Rush in herby!—ascuse the Hitalian!—Ah, mate, ony wish I'd the tin; I'd take 'em a trot, and no flounders! It's 'ard, bloomin' 'ard, my dear boy, When Form as is Form ain't no fling, as a German ud say, *so der quay*.

I'd make Mister Ruskin sit up, and the rest of the 'owlers see snakes. With their rot about old Mother Nature, as never don't make no mistakes. Yah! Nature's a fraud and a fizzle, that is if yer can't fake her out. With the taste of a Man about Town, ony sort as knows wot he's about. Well, London's all yum-yum jest now. Exhibitions all hover the shop, I tell yer it keeps one a movin'. I'm on the perpetual 'op, Like the Prince. Aitch har aitch is a stayer, a fair Royal ROWELL, I say. (I landed a quid on that "Mix," but I carnt git the beggar to pay.)

"Inventories" open, you know. Rayther dry, but the *Extrys* O. K. It's the *Extrys*, I 'old, make up life, arf the pleasure and most o' the pay. Yea, Princes, and Painters, Philanthropists, Premiers and Patriots may gush, But wot ud become of their Shows if it weren't for the larks and the lush? Lor bless yer, dear boy, Pieter Galleries, Balls, Sandwich Sworries and all.— It's fan and the fizz makes 'em go, not the pioter, the speech, or the squall. Keep yer eye on the Buffet's my maxim, look out for the "jam" and the laugh, And you'll collar the pick o' the basket, the rest is all sordust and chaff.

That's philosophy, CHARLIE, my pippin; the parsons and prigs may demur, But if you would foller *their* tip, wy, you'll ave to go thundering fur. Ah! "May, merry May!" up in Town, fills your Snide 'un as full as he'll carry Of laughter and lotion. That's gospel to Tofts and yours scrumptiously, 'ARRY.

QUITE A NEW LINE OF ITS OWN.

(Swakin to Berber. Official Report.)

The first half-yearly meeting of this now flourishing little line was held yesterday inside the Company's temporary Zareba, hastily thrown up for the purpose at Otao, and was largely attended by "friendly" and other shareholders interested in the success of the undertaking. Upon the Chairman, who was fully armed and prepared for any emergency that might arise during the reading of the report, taking his place, a few falling shots from the adjacent scrub, apparently aimed at the outgoing Directors, created some slight momentary excitement, which, however, speedily quieted down on the not altogether unexpected announcement being made that neither the Ordinary, Preference, nor Debenture Stock holders would anyone of them receive any dividend whatever.

The fact, the Chairman proceeded to point out, was not one that need disourage those who had embarked their capital in the concern, inasmuch as the line had, during the past quarter, been worked under singular disadvantages.

The continual blowing-up of the permanent way, and shelling of the stations, signal-boxes, and rolling stock, had greatly added to the item of "Expenditure," while the receipts from the passenger traffic, he regretted to add, had, unfortunately, to be set down as *nil*. This was partly owing, no doubt, to the untoward circumstance that the very first excursion train of the season was captured in a cutting near Kobak, and sold with its contents then and there into slavery.

This had destroyed confidence in the regular working of the line, while the fact that the one-season-ticket holder, an Arab Gentleman residing in Kordofan, was believed on several occasions to have murdered all the Guards, Stokers, and Engine-drivers, for the sake of securing the coal and staving of the carriage-seats, and carrying it all off on camels, purposely concealed in a secluded siding, did not lead the Directors to anticipate any very substantial increase in their profits in this direction. He was, at the same time, happy to state that the appearance of two new Mahdis in the neighbourhood of Berber, led him confidently to look for a large temporary up-traffic of homeless fugitives in the coming Autumn. On the whole, the Balance-Sheet was not all he would wish to see it; but he thought he might honestly say that there were many encouraging features about it. After a rather stormy protest from an armed minority, which was, however, allayed by the getting into position of two Gatlings, the report was unanimously adopted.

STUPIDITY TO THE STARVING.

"If foolishly rejected at the tables of the rich, these larvn should be a reward for the toil of the bread-winner."

Why not, Eat Insects? p. 52.

" My starving friends, your clamour bores,
Why don't you turn Insectivores?
You want an inexpensive treat,
I offer 'Insects good to Eat.'
You talk, at times, of 'Rising,'—rise,
Like fish, and feed, like them, on flies!
They're excellent! The Reverend SHEPPARD
Has tried Grasshoppers, freely peppered.
The Grub of timber,—plank or tub,—
Should be the toilers' daily 'grub,'
And neither beef nor veal is safer,
At table, than the common Chafer.
Wireworms, those eligible imps,
Are a cheap substitute for shrimps.
Why should you spurn from pans and pots
The food that suits the Hottentots?
Or quite reject from sauce and curry
What fattens the Australian Murri?
The very Caterpillars cry,
'Bake us with butter, bolt, and fry!'
You do not let their prayers prevail,
Nay, you neglect the common Snail!
Alas, your ignorance, my friends,
Too often in starvation ends!"

So Science spoke, but should I meet
The head of Science in the street,
Stuck on a pike by eager friends,
And stuffed with what she recommends,
With caterpillar, grub, and fly,
I might not greatly mourn, not I;
But think of FOULON and the food
He offered to the multitude,
Whereby at length it came to pass
That his dead mouth was stuffed with grass!

Drawing the Cork.

THE Prince of WALES was last week unanimously elected an honorary member of the Royal Cork Yacht Club. For a nervous mariner what a delightful Yacht Club to belong to! No danger of shipwreck in a Cork Yacht. That's the sort of thing for us, my buoy! This is the Club from which a Dr. TANNER was expelled for heading a mob that behaved like geese, in hissing the Royal party. Well, if the Cork Club's floating Capital's in first-rate condition, it won't be the worse for the loss of one Tanner.

THE LATEST SUGGESTION FOR OUR TROOPS IN THE SOUDAN.—"Leave well alone!"



"JACK IN OFFICE."

*The "Buttons," "CLUB DOESN'T OPEN TILL NINE, SIR!"
Big Member. "OH, THANKY. (Ironically.) YOU'D BETTER TURN ME OUT, THEN!"*

OUR COPY OF THE INVENTORIES.

First Landing. Initial Impressions.

MOTTO for the latest growth of the (Somers) Vine at South Kensington, "Always the same." It may be taken as an established fact that "the Fisheries and Healtheries were very much alike—especially the Inventories." However, there is one notable alteration for the better—the improved approach. The Subway from the South Kensington Station to the entrance in the Exhibition Road has swept away the army in single file of ragamuffins that used to be drawn up last year opposite the palings to the Gardens of the Natural History Museum. We begin to love Subways, and perfectly adore Blow-holes, which are things of beauty, and joys for ever! But for the rest, this and any other like display might be aptly called "The Advertisements." Perhaps the decorations of the Hall are in better taste than those of 1884. The splendid pictures illustrating the advantages of "Somebody's Furs," and "Somebody else's Washable Wall-papers," have been painted over, and on this occasion we have frescoes of the Progress of Science and Art. Some clever draughtsman has depicted side

by side the modern time and "Ye Olden Days." For instance, we have a nineteenth century watch-mannfactory and a mediæval clockmaker's, a bridge designed by DA VINCI and the most recent triumph of American Extension Architecture, a steamboat of the last century and an ocean mail of the present. But these frescoes in many cases create a false impression, by suggesting that, on the whole, invention in the past was more picturesque and ingenious than invention in the present. This is particularly the case in the *tableaux* devoted to iron-beating, where the old-fashioned hammer looks infinitely more imposing than "the Bessemer process." As of old the magnificent equestrian statue of the Heir-Apparent to the British Throne is stationed in the centre, the effigy suggesting by its attitude that it is the favourite occupation of H.R.H. to gallop recklessly through a number of hot-house plants.

Item.—Isn't it rather a slight to those popular caterers Messrs. SPIBBS AND POND to make H.R.H. cantering away from "the Set Dinner?" H.R.H. cantering while they're catering and de-cantering!

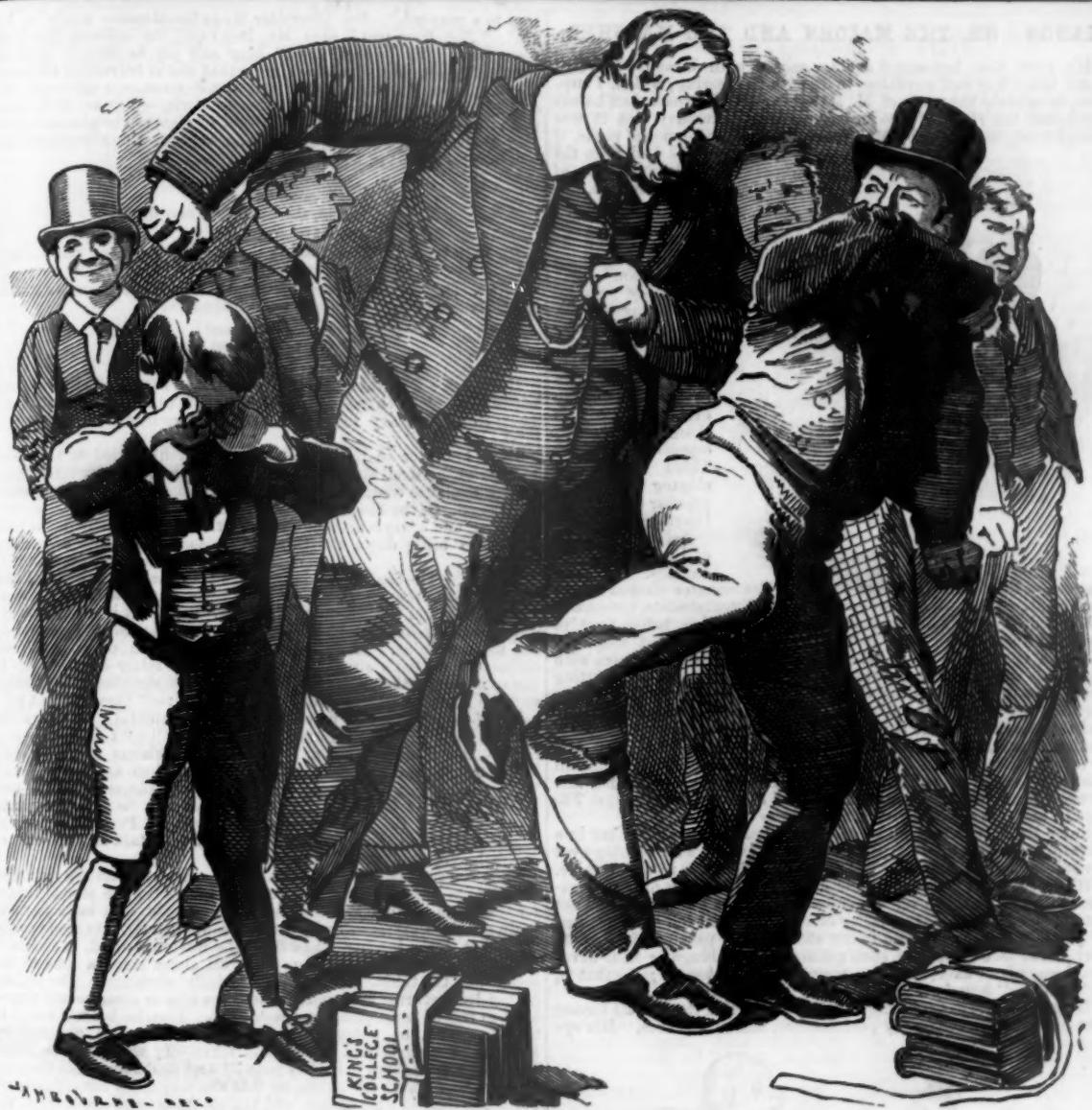
Another old friend was the "Opening Ceremony."

On the occasion of the Fisheries two years ago, many of the officials startled an unprepared world by appearing in the most magnificent uniforms. One gentleman assumed the Field Marshall-like garb of a Deputy Lieutenant, while another (connected with the Literary Department) suggested, by his "get up," that, at some time or other, he must have been in the Cabinet of a Foreign Government. On the present occasion "morning dress" was *de rigueur*, and the sight, consequently, was not nearly so impressive. It is better, at all events, than coming in "night dress"—no, we should say "evening dress," only night is the antithesis of morning—but not so imposing. The Committee selected the Conservatory for the function, no doubt with the intention of developing the idea (suggested by the position of the statue in the Entrance Hall), that the Prince of WALES has an unreasoning devotion to hothouse plants.

The time of weary waiting before the arrival of the Royal party was amusingly filled up by a variation of the pastime of "the Derby Dog." A Potentate, in an elaborate turban, who, no doubt, had the scene been laid in his own country, would have ordered the entire Assembly to be then and there beheaded, was kept knocking about, trying to find a seat. For some ten minutes he was utterly ignored by everyone, being very properly regarded as "a Nigger, from somewhere or other." Rendered reckless by this neglect, the unhappy Potentate ventured to take a chair hypothesized to a "Member of the Press." He was instantly ignominiously ejected, and was unceremoniously hustled hither and thither, until recognised by some one "who knew him at home," when he was hurriedly furnished with a chair of honour, and cordially recognised by Royalty. Beyond this pleasing interlude, the opening ceremony presented no variation from the inauguration of the Fisheries. Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL read a long and varied Advertisement to the Prince, who expressed his joy at the intelligence thus conveyed to him. This done, and the Building was declared free to the Public—at a fee of a shilling or half a crown.

Item.—The Princess of WALES looked perfectly charming.

• Of course, for another month or so the Exhibition will be only partly filled. At



THE CHAMPION OF THE LITTLE BOYS. "BULLY FOR HARCOURT!"

present there is a fine display of packing-cases, and, in the Opening Ceremony, these were not included. When their contents have been shown, we will return, as we are longing to know what's inside them, and to inform friends at a distance. But at present, if we attempted any description, we should be only making an exhibition of ourselves, and displaying our own wonderful invention.

To Sir Peter Lumsden.

(Cabinet Chorus to an Old Tune—"Peter Gray.")

COME back, PETER! Come back, PETER, pray!
"Tis easier in London to discuss with you Penjeh.
To quit the place and yield is bad, to stay and yield won't do;
And so your coming back's the Lesser evil of the two.

LATEST RUMOUR.—It is said that the real reason to be given for requesting Sir PETER LUMSDEN's presence in town, is to give him an opportunity of explaining that he meant no disrespect to the Afghanistan Ameer in speaking of him as "an old buffer."

SILENCE.

(Considerably after E. A. Po.)

[The Social Science Congress will not be held this year.]

There are some Congresses—some corporate things,
That have a cat-like life, and thus are made
Perennial bores; our Autumns or our Springs
These with perpetual potterings pervade.

There is a two-fold Silence—of the bore
And of the sage. This dwells in studious places
With books close-packed; 'tis full of solemn graces
And redolent of pure and peaceful lore.

He's not the corporate Silence: dread him not,
He's neither good nor evil in himself.
But should some lucky chance (unusual lot)
Bring the bore-hushing Silence (blessed elf)
Where unto frumps and faddists it is given
To annually twaddle—then thank Heaven!

MANON; OR, THE MAIDEN AND THE MAASHER.

MR. CARL ROSA has scored another success with *Manon*. Not that CARL ROSA has had anything to do with the scoring, which, I suppose, is entirely the work of M. MASSENET the Composer, but he has purchased the right of production, and on Thursday last it was brought out, conducted by Mr. GOOSSENS,—most ill-omened name, if

there had been the slightest chance of a failure, as, in spite of all the applause, a doubtful question would be settled by decided "GOOSSENS,"—and admirably placed on the stage by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

I should say that, on the whole, Madame MARIE ROZE never appeared to greater advantage than as *Manon*, especially in the Third Act, when singing what is the popular song of the Opera.

ACT I.—Outside of Inn, and view of Innside. Clever ar-

rangement of scene. Diligence arrives. Ten minutes allowed for refreshment. *Swindon la François* in 1721. Excursionists, personally conducted, protest "More Swindon than Swindon," as, before they've managed to do more than scald their mouths with hot soup, the Postilion is ready to start again. Chorus of irate Passengers with luggage. Great praise due to Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS for omitting comic man to sit on handbox or to be wheeled off on a truck, or the old woman with birdcage to fall down just as diligence was leaving, and then have to pursue it waving umbrella. None of this. Excursionists depart, all except *Manon*, who has come out for a trip, and is caught tripping by *Lescout* her Cousin, whom, but for the bill assuring us that it is Mr. LUDWIG, I should have taken for Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, author of *Diana of the Very Crossways*, *The Egoist*, and other volatile but genial works of fiction.

Enter Mr. LYALL as *Guillot*, an elderly beau, who is lunching in a private room with a select party of young ladies, who, leaning over the balcony, sing a charming trio, imploring *Guillot* to return to table. With this request he complies, and being in a sulky humour, evidently casts a damper over the enjoyment of the guests, who do not utter a word for the next quarter of an hour, until suddenly aroused by possibly an attempt at a funny story on the part of Mr. LYALL, they burst into a shout of such genuine hearty laughter as is never heard anywhere except on the Stage—unless "heard off"—that is, technically, "heard without."

In comes Mr. MAAS as young *Des Grieux*. From the first all foresee that his will be a Maasterly performance, and so it proves. His eye



Venus and Maas, in the ballet of Catching a Curate.
(Qy. Is he dressed as-surately?)

lights on *Manon*!—such an eye! "An eye like MAAS to threaten or command"—but in this case to "Maas-h" her. *Manon* tells him "simply"—so simply, "Believe me I am not wicked. I am on my

way to a convent." But Chevalier MAAS the Maasher won't let her go. "Not from you," says Mr. BENNETT, the eminent librettist, speaking by Mr. MAAS, "shall hope and joy be torn." And the simple *Manon*, who is so very simple that she is travelling all alone, literally jumps at the young and utter stranger's offer—oh, the stranger is too utter!—to take her to Paris,—they are at Amiens, and it's a pretty far cry to Paris,—and in view of the pleasant drive they are to have, the Simple Girl and the Too Utter Stranger sing together the words of the poet BENNETT—

We to Paris will go,
Heart to heart!
And, though fortune may frown,
Never part!

He will have to "part" when he gets to Paris, as, particularly should "fortune frown," the pair of them cannot live there for nothing. However, the Simple Maiden and Chevalier Maasher console themselves by citing BENNETT on the situation—

Evermore bliss is ours!
With Love's sweetest flowers
Will we crown the bright hours.

Hooray for BENNETT! Down with BROWNING! TENNYSON nowhere! Of such charming lyrics as these it can only be said, in the most complimentary fashion, that "they couldn't be better and might be worse."

More laughter in the Inn. Mr. LYALL has tried to tell them another of his droll stories, in which he has been cruelly interrupted by the applause consequent on the duett about going to Paris above mentioned. So the Simple Maiden *Manon* goes off with the Chevalier Maasher, and everybody assaults Mr. LYALL for no particular reason, except to bring down the Curtain on something like a bustling situation.

ACT II.—The Simple Maiden and the Maashing Chevalier in Paris. By the way, there appears to be a little doubt as to the proper pronunciation of the Mashing One's title. Some call him Shiver-leer; others, Shever-lee-ay, but I fancy that "Shiver-leer" seems to be the more popular. *Manon* reads a letter "with simplicity," wide eminent librettist's stage-direction, and this letter-duett is one of the successes of the evening. In their intense simplicity the Maiden and the Maasher talk to each other like this:—"Thou desirest it?" asks *Manon*. "Those flowers are very beautiful," observes the jealous Maasher, "who gave them to thee?" "I do not know," replies the Simple Maiden. "What!" exclaims the suspicious Maasher, "thou dost not know!" "I hope thou art not jealous." "Thou art right." And so on. I shrewdly suspect that the poet BENNETT meant this thee-ing and thou-ing to be a conscientious reproduction of the French familiar *tutuoying*. Perhaps so, only in English it makes the Maasher and the Maiden talk like a couple of old-fashioned Quakers.

Then comes a fine dramatic quartette. *Lescout* and the seductive *De Brétigny* having retired, a servant brings in the simple supper for the simple couple, which consists, apparently, of a huge jug and basin off the washing-stand; though subsequently it is made partly clear that if the big jug comes from the washing-stand, the basin is intended for soup, and *Manon*, being all alone, sings a song to the *potage* and the table. Clearly a most idyllic situation. The jealous Shiver-leer returns, but, though she helps him to soup, he will sing—he is so full of *soup-songs*—and won't eat. Then he hears a knock at the door, and, on going to answer, the unfortunate Shiver-leer Maasher is gagged, and bound, and taken off; while *Manon*, overcome with grief, says "He has gone!" and probably sends the soup down to be warmed up again, so that she may enjoy herself quietly. Or, being fond of a bit of fun, and taking things philosophically, she may perhaps put on her bonnet, and go out to sup with *De Brétigny* at the *Café Anglais* of that period.

ACT III.—Praise to Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. Chorus in his honour. "What a charming promenade! Oh how happy are we!" Everyone enjoying themselves when Mr. LYALL appears. His acquaintance who heard his good stories in Act I. immediately run away; they are not going to be let in for any more if they know it. Directly he has gone everyone returns. Then *Manon* sings the hit of the evening, encored three times. All going pleasantly, when old *Des Grieux*, the Maasher's "stern parent," enters. He comes in with a very big stick. Everybody gets out of his way. *Manon* trembles. Duett between Simple Maiden,—promoted to diamonds,—and Stern Parent, to gavotte accompaniment. Most effective. Re-enter Mr. LYALL excitedly, charged with another good story, but his appearance is the immediate signal for another violent assault on him, and before he can get out a syllable down comes the Curtain.

Happy Thought (for Stage-Manager).—When in doubt how to end an Act, or Scene, with something like a situation, bring on LYALL, and have him hustled. It's not much, but it's better than nothing at all, and prevents the finish being too flat.

SCENE 2.—In the Parlour of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The Maasher has become an ecclesiastical student. He has been giving his first trial-trip sermon to a congregation composed exclusively of

ladies. Rules of St. Sulpice appear to be a little lax, as all the ladies are allowed to assemble and sing a chorus in the parlour. Enter Mr. MAASHER as a pale Young Curate, as he might appear if expected to dance a *pas seul* instead of preaching a sermon. Stern Parient comes in and bullies him. Then the Simple Maiden enters and worries him. He won't forget the day of his first sermon in a hurry. *Manon* says, "We will never part," but the pale Young Curate exclaims, "Duty calls me away!" Then immediately afterwards it occurs to the Young Curate that he can get somebody else to do his duty, and off he goes with *Manon*, chucking up St. Sulpice and the Seminary.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.—Gambling-rooms. Simple Maiden now one of a gang—like *COUNTESS ASTERIKS* in *Artful Cards*—and of course Mr. LYALL is the pigeon. He is revenged. Enter Police. *Lescaut* bolts, like Mr. ARTHUR CECIL in *The Magistrate*, but doesn't turn up again in last Act so funnily, and the gang is broken up by the Stern Parient getting his son out of the mess somehow.

SCENE 2.—Convict gamblers on their way to the galley. Maasher meets Simple Maiden in very reduced circumstances, and the state of discipline in the Army at this period being as lax as it was in the Seminary, he bribes the soldiers, who allow him to interview *Manon* all alone, when, as the piece is getting rather long, and there's nothing for her to do without beginning an entirely new story, the Simple Maiden simply dies. The Maasher falls down beside her, whether alive or dead is uncertain, but if the latter, "Villikins and his Dinah lie buried in one grave." Very satisfactory. They call the Composer, and Mr. CARL ROSA steps forward to say the Composer's away. And once again we congratulate Mr. Rosa on his pluck and energy, and as *Rip Van Winkle* says, "May he live long and prosper."

LAURELS AND LOGIC.

Is it want of understanding, *Mr. Punch*, in the subjective sense only, which suggests that the noble Poet Laureate, before his "Epitaph for GORDON in our Westminster Abbey"—i.e., for his "Cenotaph," as below, is finally thereon engraven, might be respectfully invited to reconsider its two first lines:—

"Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man."

"Not here below." Is that intended to imply "there above"? So it would seem; for if GONNON were nowhere, either here or there, how could he possibly remain a warrior and a friend? Or does it mean that he is no longer living here below, but lying dead somewhere else than just here, somewhere "far in the waste Soudan," although, in a higher situation, he continues to live? At that rate he, the individual man, would be both living and dead at the same time—which how could he if, as an individual, indivisible, one, and not two? No doubt GORDON lives "in all hearts," in a sense; but still that, in so far as it is living in any sense at all, is living "here below."

The foregoing queries may be simply the interrogations of a Philistine; but, Philistines being numerous, good Lord TENNYSON would perhaps be well advised to concede some indulgence to their requirement of perspicuity. I hazard this hypothesis under all due influence of the doubt, if there be any, that I am, yours truly,

ONE OF THEM.

"FOR EVER AND FOR EVER!"—Why is it more than probable that Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT will never lose his seat in Parliament? Because he is the Member for Aye!

NOTICE.—Our Series of "Exteriors and Interiors," which has been interrupted by the necessities of the Picture Shows, will be resumed next week. We take this opportunity of stating that all the figures in this series are likenesses, and that a key will be forthcoming, when the entire set, or a sufficient part of it, has been completed.



Stern Parient.

THE UNDERGRAD'S VOTE.

MONDAY Morning.—Can't imagine why the Master was so unusually polite to me just now. Didn't say a word about my numerous absences from chapel! Looked on, quite pleased, while *Crib* (my terrier) was rooting up the grass in the Quadrangle. This urbanity suspicious. Is he going to rusticate me, I wonder?

10 A.M.—Morning paper. Everything explained! There's to be an immediate Election. The Master's a true-blue old Tory, and his relative, the Hon. TRACY DE BEAUVOIR, is to stand. Lucky I thought of getting my name put on the Register.

Evening.—Cut all the Morning Lectures on strength of the news, and hunted with the Drag. Sent for by the Dean. Threatens to report me to Master. I tell him "I think the Master's too much occupied with electoral matters at present to have time to attend to me"—and wink. Dean offended. Doesn't "gate" me this time, however.

Tuesday.—Proctored again last night! Coming home from jolly wine-party at John's. Up a lamp-post, trying to light cigar. Awkward! My tenth time this Term. Proctor sure to fine me at least a sovereign. Hope he won't "send me down." How the Governor would kick at that, to be sure!

Have seen the Proctor. Jolly fellow, Proctor. He's Professor of Sanskrit as well. Didn't mention last night's escapade at all. Said "he'd always wished to make my acquaintance." Thought he was chaffing me. Told him he *had* made my acquaintance once or twice before. He laughed, and said that was "in his official capacity." Asked me what I thought of the betting for the Two Thousand. Didn't know a Proctor could be so nice. Wonder if he'd come to one of my wines?

Wednesday.—Meet Master again. All smiles. Asks after "my pretty little dog," and tries to pat him. *Crib* flies at his calves. Master looks frightened, and calls him, soothingly, a "dear little thing." Shall I tell him I've been to the Proctor? I will.

Master "is sorry to hear it." I assure him I only went to him "as a friend." Master frowns, and says that makes it worse. Tells me "Proctor is standing in Radical interest!" Adds, that "he hopes none of the Gentlemen in his College will cultivate the acquaintance of the Radical Proctor, either in his official or unofficial capacity." Right man to vote for—he says—is, undoubtedly, "the Hon. TRACY DE BEAUVOIR, the Constitutional Candidate."

Happy Idea.—Tell the Master "I am quite undecided how to vote," and ask him if I could be spared from Lectures to-morrow, as I want to go to Town "to see my doctor." To-morrow's the Two Thousand! Don't tell the Master *that*, however.

Master assents like a lamb. Always before has refused to let me off in Term-time. What a blessing an Election is! Really, that Irish fellow who got us the Vote ought to be made Prime Minister.

Friday.—Back from the Two Thousand. Feel queer. Travelling upsets me, I think. Dean sends to ask "why I was away from Hall" yesterday evening. Refer him to Master for all explanations.

Young brother comes up to-day from Harrow for Matrix. Frightful young dunce. Give him a tip—tell him to put "strong constitutional principles" in his answers to History Paper. He does so. Master delighted; says his "Latin Prose is weak, but his History admirable." Gives him one or two copies of the Hon. TRACY'S Election Address to distribute. Master has become quite an Electioneering Agent. Find he has invited Head-Masters of Public Schools to send up "young men with Constitutional opinions" as candidates for Matriculation. Promises them rooms in College, and "immediate prospect of utilising their electoral privileges." *Query*, isn't this corruption?

Afternoon.—Find Dean's a strong Radical! Hurrah! Go to him at once, and ask him if I can't get out of gates to-night "to hear Professor TRIGEMUNION's speech on the Land System at the Corn Exchange." Dean a little suspicious—asks me my opinion on land-nationalisation. Tell him I haven't got one, but daresay I should get one at the meeting.

Master sends his butler for me—curious! Wants me to "dine with him on Tuesday"—also wants to know if I would mind "exhibiting a large blue flag from my window (looking out on High) on day of Election?" Take to the idea at once, tell him "I'll exhibit several," and he appears pleased.

Next Week.—Jolly time! Never had so much freedom. Got out to wine-party every night; not attended a single Lecture! My coach tells me "I'm going to the dogs." Going to Newmarket to-morrow, anyhow; dogs after.

Bull-dogs never notice me now! Radical Proctor clever fellow. Asked me to breakfast, and bet me twenty to one in ponies against his own chance for Election. Took him at once! Shall certainly vote against the Hon. TRACY now. Can't afford to lose. Besides, Radical Proctor jolly fellow. Hang the Hon. TRACY DE BEAUVOIR! Have given orders for yellow flags instead of blue ones on Election Day. Here goes for a general canvass in favour of the Radical Proctor!



EXTREMES MEETING.

The Major (to Nephew, who wants taking down a bit, he thinks). "WHAT! YOU HERE, PERCY! AIN'T YOU RATHER YOUNG TO BE GOING TO BALLS!"

Percy. "WHAT, AND YOU HERE TOO, UNCLE! WHY, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D GIVEN UP THIS KIND OF THING LONG AGO!"

OUR PROTEAN PREMIER.

HEY presto! Great Jove! this beats OVID completely.
More swift metamorphoses Naso ne'er sang,
MACCAVE never "moulted" more swiftly or neatly.
Last week on the marble his footsteps outrang
As steely and sternly as GOTZ's own, and
The firm mailed fist closely clenched on the book
Seemed "iron" as brave BERLICHINGEN's well-known hand,
Now,—look! only look!

HEY presto! The posture of Mars,—why, where is it?
The panoplied figure alert and erect?
If Peace with furl'd pinions should pay us a visit,
Is this not the pose we might fairly expect.
The battle-blade—dropped like a torrid potato!
Expression no longer defiantly grand,
But worthy a pensive political PLATO,
Benignantly bland?

The dove for the glove, for the war-sword the olive!
Eh? Combat *a outrance*? Dear me, not at all.
Only lions and bears can contentedly so live.
No tempest you know, just a mere passing squall.
Occasional Mars-masquerade may be needful,
And when it is donned our redoubtable foes,
Of property-arms and stage-attitudes heedful,
Must shake in their shoes.

Great Neptune's sly herdsman, old, grand, and prophetic,
Who lived in a cave and told over his flocks,
Might surely have seen, with a smile sympathetic.
The shifts of our Proteus, have laughed at the shocks
Of surprise and dismay that are always besetting
The watchers—poor souls!—of his *tours* and his tricks.
"There's no having him anyhow," moan they; "no getting
This Proteus to fix!"

Steal on him and bind him? A task which to tackle
Would Argus plus Hercules bother and fog.
Is there any known bond or conceivable shackle
His limbs would arrest, or his actions could clog?
It is not to be done by assiduous watching
To drop on him slumbering sole by the deep;
There is rather more hope in the effort at catching
A weasel asleep.

His sea-calves are many, and whilst he can number
A herd so prodigious, so docile, so tame,
And whilst he can, seemingly, do without slumber,
His foemen have hardly a hand in the game.
It is "Catch-as-catch-can," and the chances of capture
Seem slight, for however they follow and plot,
When they're close on his heels, and imagine he's snapt sure,
He's off like a shot.

Change? Oh no, not change! *He is eadem semper*,
Although, like god Vishnu, his Avatars shift;
And that's why he puts all his foes out of temper.
They can't, for the life of them, make out his drift.
War-frowning, peace-smiling, his *essence* is stable!
As halcyon or petrel, in calm or in storm,
He's the "All in the One," but they're wholly unable
To fix him to form.

Fine proof of the doctrine of old Cyrenaics,
Which bases all things on perpetual flux!
He floors the whole lot of us clerics and laics.
Who on thin Enigma shall cry *flat lux*!
Meanwhile the worst is we don't know where to have him.
With peace on his lips or with war on his brow;
The question of those who would back him or brave him,
Is—"Where are we now?"

THE WORST OF THE RUSSIAN STEPPES.—Steps towards India.



OUR PROTEAN PREMIER!

(As "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," IN HIS UNRIVALLED VARIETY-AND-QUICK-CHANGE ENTERTAINMENT.)

THEATRUM STATIONIS HISTORICÆ

ANNO 1700. ET 1701. ET 1702. ET 1703. ET 1704.

OUR ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE—OR GUY'D.



No. 1060.—Opening his Horse to see what's the matter.



No. 792. Cannibal Family Butcher. Weighing and Selling him by the pound.



No. 295.—Snowballing ; or, Out in the Cold.

No. 1052. No Broom ! "I've come out to sweep the Doorstep, and they've only left me the Handle ! "



No. 276. Curious Pugilistic Encounter. Fight between the Crawler and the Legless Man.



No. 709. Turnip-topsy-turvy ; or, Spring-time for Green Vegetables.



No. 1018. The Centaur of Attraction. [Extracted from this picture.]

WANTED—A REASON ?

It is said that 8,000 British troops are, at this present moment, being slowly scorched to death under the broiling sun of the African Desert. Why is this? Is it because—

Either the Government has something else to think about ; Or Lord HARTINGTON is waiting for the facts ; Or Lord WOLSELEY knows thoroughly well what he wants to do with the surviving remnant next autumn ;

Or the Duke of CAMBRIDGE is of opinion that, as the troops are paid to die for their country, there is nothing after all much to grumble at ;

Or that some responsible people in authority are letting things slide towards a harrowing catastrophe, which, when it happens, will surely arouse such a storm of indignation through the length and breadth of the country as it has not known for many a day,—though it will arouse it, like all other popular storms, as usual—*too late*?

“NOT LANCELOT—BUT ANOTHER!”

PROFESSOR ST. GEORGE MIVART, writing to *The Tablet* last week on Faith and Evolution, says of some opponent that—

“He brings forward an imposing list of authorities against me, from Scripture and the ancient Fathers down to a distinguished modern theologian named PUNCH, who strongly condemns my evolutionary views.”

“Distinguished modern Theologian,” of course, Mr. Punch is, as he is a distinguished everything else, but he is the last person to condemn Mr. St. GEORGE MIVART’s Evolutionary Views; in point of fact rather the contrary. History repeats itself here as elsewhere. Who does not remember Mr. Weller’s indignation on seeing the magic name of his master “Pickwick” inscribed on the coach-door. “And,” said SAM, “not content with writin’ up Pickwick, they puts ‘Moses’ afore it, vish I call addin’ insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langvige arterwards.” Then he subsequently inquired, “Ain’t no one to be whopped for takin’ this here liberty, Sir ? ”

The case is parallel. That there should be anyone sufficiently temerarious to call himself “PUNCH,” is staggering; but, when it

comes to “writing up ‘Moses’ afore it,” that is, attributing to Mr. Punch an intolerance which is utterly foreign to his character, then he feels that a dignified protest must be made, and he wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not the “modern Theologian named PUNCH,” who condemns Prof. St. GEORGE MIVART; and he hopes that his namesake will henceforth recant his error of rash judgment, and show himself worthy of the great name he has the exceptional honour to bear.

AN ELOQUENT BUST.

MR. LOWELL availed himself of the unveiling of COLEBRODE’S Bust in Westminster Abbey, to deliver what must be considered in every respect a most admirable oration on the Poet. Among the exceptional merits of this speech were the absence of anything like fulsomess, and its nicely weighed measures of charity and justice.

Very different nowadays is the amicable feeling between the two countries, which Mr. LOWELL has done so much to foster, to “the spirit of hostility and sneering” which COLEBRODE, as recorded in his *Table-Talk*,—conversational paragraphs that are not all wisdom, by the way, and occasionally very far from it,—complains of in English books of travel. “They (the Americans),” says he, “hate us, no doubt, just as brothers hate ; but they respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth.” Substitute, in this paragraph, “a distinguished American” for “an Englishman,” and read “more than” for “as much as,” and we have what might have been uttered by COLEBRODE on LOWELL.

About the Bust, as a likeness, nothing particularly complimentary seems to have been said, but no doubt it is “invested with artistic merit ;” and if, added to this, it is a speaking likeness, then it will be worthy of Mr. LOWELL’s speech, as being a “Bust of eloquence,” which provoked from the Audience a “Bust of enthusiasm.” Westminster was full of Busts that day. *Absit omen !* for, à propos of “Busts,” if there were a mitred Abbot of Westminster in these explosive times, he would run a considerable chance of being a dynamiter’d Abbot. But this is wandering. *Floreat LOWELL !*

"A BRUSH WITH NOBS."

(A Letter to Robert, the City Waiter.)



timid, was took bad when ordered for dooty among the swells, so I, being the same size, and not nervous, changed uniforms; and a fine lot they all looked, I tell ye, with long tails dragging behind and noses in the air. At least I thought so at first being dazzlinglike. They're not shy, at least the old uns. Not them! My, and ain't they game! How they picked each other to pieces in loud voices which everyone could hear, tho' they pretended not. I've heard tell of the Palis of Truth, and now I know that Palis is Buckingham on Drorinroom day.

To start with—the Olduns got riled because there weren't chairs enough; and those as had to stand, reckoned up those as could sit quite as spiteful as in Mud-salad Market. They wondered (in a shout) what common Barber did their back-hair, why the 'ousemaid couldn't lace their gownds straight, and said offal things about their Jewelry. Well, if them's the manners of the Upper Suckles, give me MARY JANE, and am and eggs. She and the pale know as they must be civil, or they'll get one in the eye. But with the Upper Suckles it's different. You mustn't hit or scratch, however badgered, but only sneer with perlite sniggers, like knives. So, eyes and nose being safe, the old uns, when hungry and cross, are as bold as brass, and sharp as razors. I got the orrors, for all the shocking things as they said was true, which ought to have made it rankle.

One remarked that near all the gownds was done on the cheap, and badly made, of common silk, when there are lots of fine stuffs about, and that much of their lace was sham. And another said that the nobesses who ought to be inside like decent people, wriggled theirselves out of their misfits as if they'd been hired for the day (as gents do evening suits) instead of being their own. I'm sure I've seen ladies at the theatres on five pound a week dressed more handsome and in better taste, and knowing how to wear their clothes. But I suppose if you're a real Dukiss, you think you may wear any shabby thing and look anyhow. Miss CRABSHELL, of the St. James's, depends on her frocks for dinner, and a Countess doesn't, you see. And if Her Royal MAJESTY could hear how they grumbled! If people yelped like that at the Criterion Bar, they'd get the kick-out, I'm thinking. "Not even a cup of tea!" cried one. "Nor a sponge-cake!" howled a second. "Ain't it crule!" groaned a third. And then the heaving and scrooing from one room into another! I could see it all from where I stood.

Talk of bearights! Such elbering and saying sarcasms while smiling beautiful, taking no notice of the officers crying, "Pray, do be patient!" By the time they got to the Presence, I wonder they'd anything on at all. Their clothes was so cheap, I suppose, for fear of leaving 'em behind. When Dukisses go to the Drorin-Room, the band ought to play loud, or some day they'll be provoked beyond cussing. They'll be making zerebas among the royal furniture, and playing Old Harry with the china. I quite trembled, although not nervous, thinking what MARY JANE would do in such a case. There was two bands, in the two quadrangles, one for the footmen, and t'other for the coachmin, I presume, as they couldn't be heard inside. The Swells who mismanage these Shows should take a wrinkle from the lower orders. There's nothing like music and something to drink to keep people civil. It may be said, "Them as object can stop away." Not so. Nobesses, I'm told, must go to a Drorinroom or they'll get themselves disliked, and it broke my heart to see delicate gals quite faint from cold and hunger, while their mothers' stormed. When I got back into my own regiments I thanked my stars that MARY JANE isn't a nobess. In future, every time as I see a hatchment on a swell house I shall salute and say, "That's for a dowager who fought bravely at the front, and died of a beargarden."

Ever your pal, THOMAS ATKINS.

A MODERATE DRINKER.

(With Compliments to Sir F. Bramwell.)

TEETOTALLER I'll own I'm not;
No more a pledged forswearer
Of liquor, than habitual sot;
An' what can I shay fairer?
Whenever pass the bowl 'ah the word,
I'm never known a shrinker;
Avoid excess—cause that's absurd.
For I'm a Moderate Drinker.

A drop of shpirits, wine, or beer,
Good thing, beyond all question,
Whilst in this world we linger here,
'Cause why, promotes digestion;
That way repairs wear, tear, and waste,
Mends tissue, like a—tinker.
Mine's often got to be replaced,
So I'm a Moderate Drinker.

See that Blue Ribbon wearer there,
A Total Abs'nee Leaguer!
With mine his feeble frame compare,
So puny, lean, and meagre.
How pale his cheeks are—and his nose—
My own is some shades pinker;
A sign of health, it only shows
That I'm a Moderate Drinker.

No doubt whatever of alcohol,
If drunk in moderation—
Or else injurious 'tis to all—
Promoting "sherry brashun."
It reinvigorates the brain
Of student and of thinker;
Yours truly, therefore, I remain,
Confirmed, a Moderate Drinker.

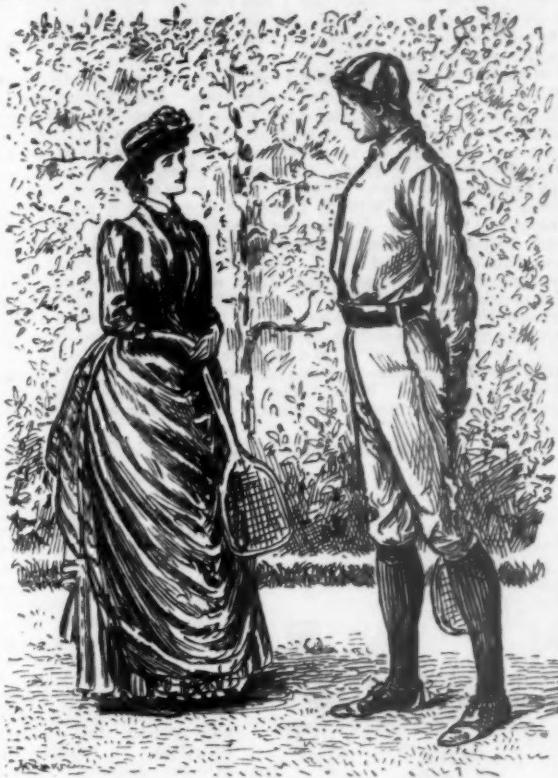
BETWEEN FIVE FIRES.(Extracts from King Christian's Post-Bag.)
[N.B.—For obvious reasons, names and addresses are suppressed.]

I.

* * * You will understand, I am sure, Sirs, from the foregoing remarks, what are the precise wishes of my August Master as to the attitude he will expect you to assume in the matter of this so-called "Arbitration." Let me briefly recapitulate. You will read the *Statement* that will be put before you with as much or with as little attention as you please, bearing in mind that you are in no way called upon to criticise but merely to endorse. The "Counter-Statement" that will reach you from London I should strongly advise you to put at once into the fire. This course will not only save you from the possibility of any confusion of ideas, that might interfere with the efficient discharge of the plain and simple duty you are called upon to fulfil, but give a fresh proof of that devotion to this Empire, the susceptibilities of which, if I may be permitted to say so, it would certainly not, in the event of any European conflagration, be to your Majesty's immediate interest to arouse. But you will appreciate this. Finally, bear in mind that with names, dates, and places you have nothing to do. Above all, do not on any account refer to a map. And now I think I need say no more.

II.

* * * This then, if your Majesty will permit me to revert to my original contention is the point that will have to be decided. That it is necessarily enveloped in some little obscurity cannot be denied; but still, by a careful minute and patient examination of dates, names, and places, it



"LE COEUR LÉGER!"

He. "IN FACT, MISS LIGHTHEART, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE UP ART ALTOGETHER, AND VOLUNTEER FOR ACTIVE SERVICE!"

She. "OH DO! I SHOULD SO LIKE TO KNOW SOMEBODY IN THE WAR!"

is not only the earnest hope but the confident belief of my distinguished colleague at the head of Her Majesty's Government and of myself also, that you will be enabled to arrive at a fair, equitable, and satisfactory solution of the difficulty, in a sense agreeable to the instincts and consistent with the traditions of the present foreign policy of this country. Above all, I would humbly recommend your Majesty to make use of *an authentic and reliable map*. To facilitate, therefore, your labours in the geographical problem proposed to you, I am taking the liberty of forwarding you herewith seven different charts of the region in question, in each of which you will observe that not only has the Frontier line been adroitly drawn in a new and unsuspected direction, but that the positions of towns, hamlets, rivers and mountain ranges, have been cleverly placed in fresh and startling situations, and even omitted altogether.

With such elastic materials Her Majesty's Ministers cannot doubt but that you, Sire, if you find yourself forced by private considerations, into which it is neither their wish nor province to enter, to decide this question not absolutely in their favour, will at least so word your decision that the halo of diplomatic mystery which they are thankful to acknowledge has hitherto successfully surrounded their efforts may triumphantly enshroud them to their final and irrevocable completion. In conclusion, I am desired by my illustrious Chief to convey to your Majesty that, while placing every reliance on your Majesty's sense of what is both fitting and humorous, he cannot refrain from expressing a hope that you will carefully read up all his recent Parliamentary utterances bearing upon this interesting matter. It is in them, he desires me to add, that he believes your Majesty will find a model of that careful and quite peculiar use of language that will enable you, while apparently turning a moral double back somersault for the benefit of an enlightened Europe, to startle friends and foes alike, while perfectly unconscious of the fact yourself. Once more reminding your Majesty that the word "recall" has seventeen distinct and different meanings, according to the circumstances under which it is used. I am, Sire, &c. * * *

III.

* * * You will, of course, dear Papa, as you always do, act without *any bias*, and give your decision *quite fairly*. I am sure you *couldn't* do anything else; still I cannot help hoping that, when you have read through all those troublesome and foolish official papers—(I think it is a *great shame* to have fixed on you, and worried you about the matter at all)—you will think that *we are in the right*. I am sure we are, you know, Papa dear, from all I have heard about it; and E— thinks so too—so does everybody. I wouldn't, *for worlds*, try to influence you. Indeed, I know it would be of no use, but *quite privately, between ourselves*, I should like you to be able to say that this dear country of ours has the best of the quarrel, and has nothing to be ashamed of. One little word more, Papa, dear. *Don't be afraid.* * * *

IV.

* * * I shouldn't be surprised, my dear Papa, if this very post did not bring you a letter from A—. Of course she will write to you, as I am doing. It is very natural she should; but I know, my dear Papa, you will act *quite fairly* and without *any bias*, whatever pressure is put on you. You know I know nothing about what is going on, and only hear what A— tells me. He says that it will be all right now, and that you will find the case quite easy to decide when you look into it—(I think it is a *great shame* to worry you with such disagreeable things)—and he is sure you *won't hesitate a moment about the result*. I suppose he means by that that you'll decide for us. If you do, my dear Papa, of course I can't help being glad, because I know whatever A— is obliged to do sometimes, he means so well. This is, of course, *strictly private and between ourselves*; but, if you have to do so, you *must not mind offending them at S—*. It is very tiresome, I know. One little word more, Papa. *Don't be afraid.* * * *

V.

* * * To come to the point; if it is settled that you are to go through the farce of playing the "Arbitrator," you had better send some reliable man, with a head on his shoulders, straight off to me at once. No papers. Mind, they've nothing to do with it; and, whatever you do, don't open your mouth till you have heard fully from here. Any blunder now might knock your Majesty and three-fourths of Europe into a cocked-hat. Yours, &c. B—.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 4.—Rather a lively night up to now. GLADSTONE announced that there would be no war with Russia. Conservatives at first struck dumb, but RANDOLPH found voice for them, and since then they have been in full cry. A little hitch at commencement. Hitch—I mean HICKS-BEACH solemnly protested against going forward with Vote of Credit that night as arranged. Conservatives roared and cheered and groaned. A wicked Government that wanted to entrap Opposition into hasty Vote! This was at five minutes to Six. At a quarter past, RANDOLPH rose, and, in his frank, simple way, announced determination to obstruct Committee of Supply unless Vote of Credit were brought on immediately. "Let us go on with Supply till Ten o'clock," DILKE pleaded; "then we'll take the Vote of Credit." "No," said the unrelenting Roman Father who represents Woodstock, "we must have Vote of Credit on without moment's delay." Whereat Conservatives roared and cheered and groaned.

A wicked Government that attempted to put off Vote of Credit, and deprive Opposition of opportunity of discussing it!

RANDOLPH fired off tremendous speech. "Terrible news," this prospect of peace. For an hour Conservatives been trying to extract information from Government as to particulars of proposed arrangement. Got no information, GLADSTONE saying terms of reference not settled, and so forth. But RANDOLPH knew all about it. "A base and cowardly surrender." That was all. But it was enough, and the Opposition lifted up its voice and wpt.

It was when RANDOLPH sat down that the tin canister episode took place. Resuming seat, came in contact with hard substance. Found small canister, hermetically sealed, placed right in centre of Fourth Party's camp. RANDOLPH hastily replaced it.

"WOLFF," he whispered, a little hoarsely, "just keep my place. Be back presently. Little dry, don't you know, after long speech."

GONST saw it next, and thus began: "Keep my place, there's a good fellow. Want to look up GLADSTONE's speech on Vote of Credit in '78. Think I've got him in a cleft stick." And Gonst was gone.

ARTHUR BALFOUR, catching sight of gleaming tin canister reposing peacefully close to WOLFF's coat-tails, didn't wait to make any remark, but left the House in three strides.

"Very curious," said WOLFF. "Everybody going off. Shall take RANDOLPH's seat."

In moving up, discovered canister. Took in situation in a moment. But WOLFF not the man to shirk danger. "Won't be outdone by a policeman," he said to himself. Seized the canister lightly but firmly, walked out of House, and deposited it in Lobby.

It turned out to be only a quantity of Liebig's Extract of Meat, dropped from pocket of some Hon. Member. But WOLFF didn't know that when, with head erect, lips firmly set, and an uncomfortable feeling that he literally carried his life in his hand, he conveyed the canister to the Lobby.

"WOLFF ought to have the Victoria Cross," said RANDOLPH, with unwonted moisture in his eye.

Tuesday, 2.45. A.M.—Just divided on Vote of Credit. Three Motions for Adjournment, and then Conservatives made what O'DONNELL calls "base and cowardly surrender." Parnellites furious. Been kept up to this hour by promise of Conservatives that they meant to see the thing through. At critical moment, when fun at its fastest, caved in, and went home. Parnellites fighting to the last, opposed Vote of Credit, which was carried through report stage by 130 Votes against 20.

"Never mind," said JOSEPH GILLIS to TIM HEALY, who was raging at the defection of the Allies. "It's not so bad, after all. We've done all that is possible to weaken the position of the country in face of Russia, we've worried the Government, and we've dragged the Conservative Opposition down to our level. That's pretty well for one night;" and J. B. tucked his trousers into his boots preparatory to trudging homewards, for the last bus had gone.

Tuesday Night.—"MASSER's style of eloquence a little massive don't you think?" Sir PEEL whispered to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who was pretending not to be asleep whilst LOPEZ was droning away on the question of Local Taxation.

"Ah, yes, Sir 'Massive' LOPEZ, I see," said Sir STAFFORD. "Neighbour of mine. Good fellow, sound on Local Taxation question; but, as you say, a little heavy."

Still in accord with general tone of debate. What a night we've had to be sure! PELL seconded Motion which raised on the English Registration Bill question of Local Taxation. HENRY FOWLER made able speech, which marks great advance in Parliamentary style as compared with his addresses from below Gangway. Matter excellent, manner good. After this we had PAGE, and DICKHAM, and WHITLEY, and the Un-defeated HARRIS.

"SPEAKER pulled me up the other night," says he, "when I wanted to discuss the question of wheat supply in debate on Vote of Credit; see what he'll do to-night."

Fortunately HARRIS did not present himself till debate had been going on for five hours. At this time SPEAKER in state approaching coma. The Un-defeated, with one eye on the Chair and the other on his manuscript, went on to the end unchallenged.

"Wish I'd brought the other speech with me," he whispered in ear of TOMLINSON. "Believe I could have worked in those remarks about wheat without the SPEAKER calling me up. However, another time, another time. Perhaps I can bring them in on Third Reading of Seats Bill, or even might get them off at Question Time. Might do that easily. 'To ask the First Lord of Treasury whether he is aware that the total yield of wheat,' and so on. As far as I can see there's nothing in Rules controlling questions that would prevent my doing that."

Business done.—Sir Massive LOPEZ' Local Taxation Amendment defeated by 240 votes against 238.

Wednesday.—"Don't remember that I ever wanted to shake hands with you before," I said to eminent Peer. "Never cared much for KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN; can't stand Lord BRABOURNE on any terms; but would like to shake hands with you now."

"Certainly, TORY, with great pleasure. Always ready to do anything that doesn't cost anything. But what are you so unusually friendly about?"

"Your letter to ASHFORD, don't you know? Come out at last—

I won't say in true colours, for I don't believe you're a Tory any more than you're a Liberal. But you're going to wear the label of the side you usually vote with. Best thing I know in your Lordship's political career."

"Thank you, TORY. Very kind of you to say so. Of course didn't take step without due deliberation. Need hardly say, if GLADSTONE had found place for me in his Government in '80, would have taken very different view of his policy, and voted accordingly. Left me out, though he tossed me a Peerege. Sat on cross benches when I first went to Lords. Convenient place, you know—neither one thing nor the other. Ready for offers from either side. Confess haven't made much way in Lords. Nobody offered me anything except cold shoulder. Try another game now. Take up sides openly with Tories, and see what comes of it. How did I happen to hit upon this decision just now? Well, been drifting towards it for some months. What gave last shove was, some fellow writing to Newspapers, complaining of my appropriating six seats in mid-day express from Folkestone, also getting train to make unauthorised stoppage at roadside station, to pick me up. Why, good Heavens! what are we coming to? I'm a Director of the Railway. If I don't make use of it for personal economies and comfort, what's the use of being a Director? When things come to this pass, time to turn round. Democracy must be stemmed; so I throw in my lot with the Constitutional Party."

Business done.—Registration Bill in Committee in Commons.



LORD R. CHURCHILL'S THOUGHT-READING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 4TH.

"He (Lord R. CHURCHILL) agreed that the key of India was not at Herat, nor at Penjdeh, or in the hands of General KOMAROFF or of Sir PETER LUMSDEN; but it was not altogether London in the sense Lord BEACONSFIELD supposed. The key of India was in that House—on the Treasury Bench."

Back came memories of all the grace, the learning, the dignity, and the profoundly judicial weight wherewith the office had been endowed during the existence of the late Government.

"Good Ged!" muttered conscience-stricken ALEXANDER. "Never thought of this. If we abolish office of Judge Advocate General what's to become of CAVENDISH BENTINCK in the next Ministry?"

The General hurriedly rose; asked leave to withdraw his Amendment; Committee eagerly accepted proposal, Judge Advocate General saved, and CAVENDISH BENTINCK wobbled off to dinner without the slightest consciousness of the remarkable influence exercised by his silent and momentary presence.

Business done.—English Registration Bill through Committee. Progress with Army Estimates. On one division SPEAKER named as tellers Mr. SMALL and Mr. BIGGAR. "SMALL and BIGGAR!" exclaimed ARTHUR BALFOUR, a great purist of language. "That's a very awkward turn. Should, I fancy, read smaller and bigger."

Saturday Morning.—Christening Party at it again. Made a night of it. Some tremendous battles raging. At One o'clock this morning, Radcliffe-cum-Farnworth having been settled, and the Batley-Morley battle decided, NOLAN rose to move to give North Galway alternative name of Tuam. "Hon. and Gallant Member," says DILKE, "wants, I presume, to settle the difference between Meum and Tuam."

After this division inevitable. Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR announced result, twenty for Tuam, "and," he added triumphantly, "84 for Meum."

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